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Seeing our desperate condition, we fought but to sell our lives most dear. King Richard had sworn that he never would surrender, so we cared not to out-live His Majesty.

One by one, after terrible combatting, they cut down our party of knights, until there remained but King Richard, Dymoke and myself. Our horses had been slain, and we fought standing.

Brutal hordes of Richmond's horsemen strove with might and main to crush us, themselves out of our reach. Some we pulled from their chargers and slew.

King Richard had yet but one aim—to reach the Earl of Richmond. As he ferociously parried and struck he continued to press toward the place where rode the earl. Back to back with the king, I struggled after him, the gallant Dymoke seeming to guard us all around.

Seeing the great disadvantage of our arms, as there was a lull in the terrible onslaught, caused by the glut of warriors' corpses and the carcasses of chargers, King Richard shouted :

"A horse, Dymoke; a horse! As you love me get me a horse, 'til I pursue that caitiff Richmond. Let me but come at him, I shall make two halves of him, one leg to each."

"A horse, eh?" snarled the leader of a band of hostile knights who came prancing their steeds on top of us; "here is a horse."

And he made a terrific lunge at His Majesty with a spear.

Dymoke was too quick though. With a swoop of his heavy sword, he smashed the spear that would have slain the king, and before the attacking knight could straighten himself Dymoke had seized him by the neck and brought him clattering to the earth. Not one word spake that insulting Sir again; his back was broken.